

drista's brother and his homosexual tendencies

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drista's brother and his homosexual tendencies

by Anonymous

Summary

"And you're sure you're not dating yet?"

"Hehe, um... no." He scratches his neck awkwardly.

"Is it lilac?"

Dream's quiet for a moment, smiling gently. "Yeah. It is."

or, the five times drista thought dream and george were in love and the one time her suspicions were confirmed.

alternative title: does dream is gay?

Notes

first silly titled fic ever and its for 1k followers on my twitter (thank u for that btw)

genuinely tho im super super proud of this, its fucking awesome dude and i hope u enjoy it as much as i loved writing

thank u [alastair](#) for thinking of the title AND betaing ur so fucking cool dude ily

okok enjoy!! :DD

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

one: do you like dick?

Doing everything but slamming the front door behind her, Drista makes herself welcome in Dream's home by vaulting over the armrest of the couch and flopping down on her back with a light '*oof*'. She pulls her phone out of her back pocket, pressing the home button and scrolling aimlessly until she sees the bright blue twitter icon. She taps on the square for a distraction, waiting for her brother to make his way downstairs and make her some goddamn breakfast.

It takes a few (read: thirty) minutes for Dream to finally haul ass and wake up— but when he does, it doesn't even look like he slept at all.

The dark bags under his eyes are a telltale sign of sleep deprivation, and Drista eyes him curiously from her spot as he sluggishly walks towards the open kitchen. It's weird, because Dream normally likes having a proper nine hours of sleep.

What's even *weirder* is that there's a dopey grin plastered on his face, directly contrasting the rest of his tired complexion. Drista's upper lip curls at the utter satisfaction on her brother's face at ungodly times in the morning.

"Hey, fuckwad," she calls out, and Dream doesn't even seem to be phased, opening the fridge with a gravelly 'good morning' and a question of what she wants for breakfast.

Drista shrugs, "It's your choice," glancing over the couch at Dream. She sees the exact moment Dream realizes that something is up, freezing in place and head turning to Drista with comically confused eyes.

"How the *fuck* did you get into my house?" He accuses, furrowing his eyebrows as Drista huffs.

"What, am I not welcome?" She questions sarcastically.

"I never gave you a key." Dream points out, closing the fridge door slightly to get a better look at his gremlin of a sister.

"I picked the lock, duh," she states, still scrolling through twitter and acting as if Dream was stupid for even asking such a question. He sputters at the nonchalant confession.

"Wha— *hat*? What the hell is wrong with you?" Dream scolds, incredulous.

"You've influenced many of my wrong-doings, Clay," she reminds with a laugh, which makes Dream scoff and roll his eyes. He opens the fridge all the way again, going back to rummaging through what he has chilling.

"You're so *dumb*," he mutters bitterly. Drista hears him pause in his actions to take out his phone after it buzzes in his pocket loudly, and she peeks her head over the couch curiously. Only a select few people's notifications go through Dream's constant do not disturb that she knows of— her, their mom and dad, and Sapnap. She wonders who it is.

Drista just manages to catch the soft smile growing on his face as he takes a hand off the fridge handle to presumably type back a response to the person that made him grin so (in Drista's opinion,) dreadfully at ass-o'-clock in the morning. It matches the one from earlier, and she's only seen that look reserved for when he's being sappy. Dream then pockets his phone and continues to weigh his options before Drista can fully register *what the fuck just happened*. She can almost see the pink aura and bubbles surrounding her brother as he starts to hum happily.

She raises an eyebrow with a suspicious but sly smirk, snickering when she realizes *exactly* what this means. Biting back laughter, she sits up and turns to drape herself over the back of the couch and faux-casually swipes at her phone.

"So..." Drista starts, tittering subtly as Dream turns to look at her skeptically at the tone. "Who were you texting, Clay?"

She notices the immediate blush that overtakes Dream's cheeks, outright laughing as her brother

stammers for a response.

"It— It was just my friend," Dream defends, obviously pushing the contents in his fridge a little harsher than he needs to, busying his hands with anything but picking at his own nails.

"Oh," Drista drags out, "your *friend*, huh?"

"Yes, my *friend*," Dream stresses, giving in and walking over to lightly smack Drista upside the head, who takes the slap as a victory.

"Is your friend the reason you have those eye bags?" She teases, not expecting Dream to basically choke on his own spit at the insinuation, coughing before spinning around to look at Drista with wide eyes.

"What— *dude!* " Dream shouts, mouth dropping open as Drista falls into a fit of boisterous giggles.
"What is your problem?!"

"Are they the reason you were smiling like a *dumbass* at your phone earlier—"

"He made a *joke!*" Dream's voice is high with embarrassment, and Drista doesn't miss the pronoun.

"And is that why you're blushing right now?"

Dream's mouth opens and closes, lost for a response. Drista smirks, watching as he groans and basically stomps his way back into the kitchen, not dignifying her with a response.

It's quiet for a moment while Drista revels at Dream's expense before he speaks up, finally pulling *something* out of the open fridge. It's a milk jug.

"Do you want... cereal?" He asks tentatively, desperate to change the subject, and Drista bursts into laughter. She swings her legs over the end of the couch and stands up to walk over to the kitchen entrance, placing her phone down on the counter.

"Lucky Charms, or I don't want it."

Drista begins to open random cabinets in hopes of finding bowls to make her own until Dream hands her an already full cereal bowl and spoon with a tired eye roll. She thanks him with a satirical smile and carefully pads to the dining table, where she puts down the ceramic.

Dream follows shortly after, and they eat in relative silence until Drista decides that she doesn't like the quiet of the mornings.

Right when she sees Dream take a bite of cereal, she decides to speak up.

"So, you like dick?" She asks. Dream chokes around the bite he took, milk slightly spilling through his nose and onto the table. Drista howls with laughter until Dream accidentally knocks his bowl over while reaching for a napkin, spilling some of it onto her shirt. They're both grinning uncontrollably, now, Dream giggling like a maniac while he tries to clean up the milk that spilled onto the table.

"Du— Dude! I liked this shirt! What the hell?" Drista says, standing up from her spot to avoid getting more on it.

"Fuck—" Dream interrupts himself with a rambunctious laugh, coughing. "Fuck, sorry, oh my God, that was your fault for asking that *fucking* question, dude—"

"You should've choked," Drista faux-spits, her huge smile giving away the mirth in her voice. "And I hope your boyfriend breaks up with you. You're an asshole."

"He's not my boyfriend?!" Dream protests loudly, grabbing a tissue and wiping his face off. He offers the box to Drista after the table is clean, who takes it with an extravagant eye roll.

"Keep telling yourself that. You looked high on *wuv* this morning." She links her hands and bats her eyelashes once she wipes herself down, looking at Dream with puppy dog eyes.

"Did you just fucking say '*wuv*'? You're like, fifteen, Drista,"

"You bet your bitchass I did."

"What the actual fuck is wrong with you, oh my God," Dream coughs a few times again for good measure, thumping a fist against his chest.

"You didn't answer my question," Drista points out after she gets seated again, continuing to eat her cereal as if nothing happened.

"I— yes?" Dream sniffs, "I guess? I don't... I don't really put a label on it, y'know?"

"You're right, labels are icky as fuck," Drista hums, leaning back in her chair. "I can't believe you came out to me by accident."

"It wasn't my fault?!"

"Yeah, yeah, you really like lying to yourself, don't you?"

Dream sighs and gets up to get himself another bowl of cereal, before Drista decides to run her unfiltered mouth again and almost make him drop it.

"So... do you like it up the ass, or—"

Groaning miserably and deciding not to turn back to the table, Dream drops his bowl off into the sink and starts to walk away from the main area.

"No, come back," Drista whines, pouting. "Who else am I gonna bully now?"

Eventually, though, Dream comes back with a pillow in hand. She eyes it before realizing what he'll do, immediately backing up. "You wouldn't dare."

Dream smirks before raising the pillow above his head and bringing it down.

And in the middle of giddy shrieks and dull thumps, Dream's phone buzzes again.

This time, he doesn't check it until later.

two: is the closet a metaphor for something or am i just reading too much into this ft. dream

"What's this entire closet that I've just never seen before, by the way?" Drista asks one day, standing in front of a door that's stayed pointedly closed during all of her visits to Dream's humble abode. (In his words, not hers.)

Her brother shrugs, running a hand through his hair. "You can go in if you want. No one's stopping you."

Drista narrows her eyes before putting a hand on the brass knob and pushing into the closet, and is immediately surprised by the sheer amount of Dream merchandise that lines the walls. She stands in the doorway, roving her judgmental eyes across the entire room.

"... What the fuck is this?" Drista asks, stepping into the room so that Dream can lean on the doorframe, "Are these all different pieces of your merch? Don't you already have your own copies?" She pauses to stare at her brother, "This is a little creepy."

Dream scoffs, offended at the accusation. "It's just the merch I saved for George for when he finally comes over to America, dude, chill," he defends.

Drista blinks. "Can't he just buy his own?"

"I dunno, man. He asked me to save at least one of each new thing that goes onto the shop, so..." he shrugs.

"Dude, what the *fuck*? You're so whipped it's genuinely embarrassing now. He's literally as rich as you are, he can probably buy out your store *and* then some." She retorts.

"Don't ask me why! All he told me to do was to save him the merch. Who am I to say no to such a simple request?"

"He *told* you to? What the fuck?" Drista's questions are becoming repetitive, now. "You need to give me these kinds of details earlier, man, I just thought your ego grew bigger and was about to knock it down a peg. Creepy."

"What is wrong with you, oh my—" Dream shakes his head. "Why is your first thought upon seeing this is that I'm a creep who hoards his own merch? Are you a secret anti or something?"

"I'll have you know I'm perfectly justified, because it sounds like something you would do. Bitch." She tacks on the last insult as an afterthought.

"Okay, I know I'm a Leo, but that just hurts." Dream dramatically states, placing a hand on his forehead and leaning back.

"I'm gonna tell mom that you're a bully," she threatens, knowing perfectly well that their mother has the power to scare Dream into complacency.

"Weren't you the one that asked me if I liked dick up the ass a few days ago? I think mom would *love* to know about that one."

"It was an honest question! But, hey, she wouldn't believe you anyways." Drista sends a wink, spotting the twenty coins sitting on one of the shelves in the closet.

"You're a menace to society." Dream flicks the back of her head, which makes her hand immediately jolt to protect her precious scalp.

"Thank you! I try my best," she responds sassily, a sweet but artificial smile on her face.

Dream sighs, "Okay, fine, just get out of this room, alright?"

"Can you do my homework for me?" Drista shoots back, crossing her arms.

"You know I hated school," Dream reminds her.

"Yeah, and I hate it *right now*. Your point?"

He lets out a quiet laugh, "no, I'm not doing your homework."

"Well, I tried," Drista relents, walking towards the doorway and slipping past Dream into the hallway outside of the closet. "What's for dinner by the way? I'm starving."

"You don't live here, dude, and aren't you gonna have dinner at Mom's house?"

"I'll ask to stay, I haven't gotten all the meanness out of me yet," she snickers when Dream sighs extravagantly. He seems to do that a lot around her. She takes it as a compliment.

"I can order like... McDonald's or something," he raises his eyebrows in question, and Drista nods enthusiastically.

"Good. Good, you are good. I'll be waiting." She pats him on the shoulder quickly before sauntering away. Dream shakes his head in exasperation and follows her out of the room.

three: i walk a lonely road the only road that i have ever known

Drista is absolutely *exhausted*. Emotionally. With a sprinkle of physically, too, because she ran all the way here with a backpack on her.

Here, being Dream's house. It looks way too big. She shifts on her feet, the normally comforting structure looming over her. She grabs the spare key from her pocket and unlocks the door as quietly as she can as to not disturb her brother, and makes sure to lock the door behind her.

Drista dumps her school bag at the kitchen counter, thankful for the weight off her back and not contributing to the heaviness on her chest.

Basically booking it up the stairs, she opens Dream's bedroom door to find him with his headphones on and editing. He immediately pauses to see who opened his door, relaxing when he sees it's Drista. He begins a greeting until his sister immediately flops down onto his bed and groans loudly into the pillow. He furrows his eyebrows.

"Is everything alright?" Dream asks quietly.

"Had to help with a friend's breakup," Drista's response is muffled by the pillows, but Dream hears it nonetheless, taking off his headphones and saving his progress to turn his full attention to her.

"Well, do you wanna talk about it?" He prods, humming when Drista shakes her head against the fabric. "Did you want anything?"

It's quiet for a second while Drista thinks of an answer.

"What does being in love feel like, Clay?"

Dream's stunned by the sudden question, unused to hearing his sister talk in such a serious tone.
"Where did that come from?"

"Just answer the question." She raises a hand to wave him along, as if gesturing for him to continue.

"It, um..." It takes Dream a moment to answer, turning his chair to face her fully. "It feels like home." He mumbles finally, almost too quiet for Drista to hear.

"Cliché, much?" She can't help but quip from her place, making Dream huff fondly.

"Do you want me to tell you or not, idiot?"

Drista, as dramatic as ever, sighs loudly. "Yeah. Yes, I do. Speak."

Dream matches her energy and sighs as well. "I... hm, that's kind of a hard question."

"Well, I think it's different for everyone. But, uh, for *me*... it's like... uncontrollable laughter. It's feeling like you're the only two people in the room, it feels safe. It's like he's— *they're* the only person that gets you... the most. The only person that makes you, um. Happy, I guess. Love's happy," he rambles on and on, pausing when he sees Drista's shoulders start to shake in the thick silence.

"You still there?" Dream asks gently.

"Keep going." Her voice cracks in the middle of the sentence, and she's trying not to cry into the pillow she lays on, but Dream notices the tenseness right away. He stands up and goes to sit on the edge of the bed, making it dip with his weight. He places a hand on her back, rubbing soothing circles into the muscle like he used to do when they were young. Drista sniffls.

"Love's colour— well, to me, is royal purple," Dream says, intentionally making his voice softer. "Probably a more lilac colour, to be accurate. Karl said his, erm, 'love colour' was a forest green. Sapnap said his was the colour of embers. Q said his was a slightly lighter version of navy. Bad's was a baby pink. So, I guess it depends on everyone."

Drista begins to match her breathing to the circles being traced on her shoulder blades, lungs following steadily. She realizes that Dream left out one person in his ramble.

"What was George's?"

Dream exhales a laugh through his nose, as if he expected her to catch on. "He said it was red."

"But—" *That doesn't make sense*, is what she was going to say.

"He can't see red, I know." Dream chuckles. "He says it's because of the chances you take when using it. Because many times, when using red paint, it accidentally comes out pink. He said he never really understood the inherent *redness* of the colour, y'know?"

"That's dumb." She says.

"I told him that too," Dream agrees, never stopping the motions of his hand.

"Why is your colour lilac?"

"You are just full of questions today, aren't you?" Dream teases, laughing when Drista whines into the pillow indignantly, socked foot raising up to kick him in the shoulder lightly. "It was because of you."

Drista stops. "Me?"

"When we were young— actually, since you were first born," Dream's voice is smooth. It feels like walking down an endless hall of memories with the person you made most of them with. "The colour lilac seemed to follow you everywhere. It was the colour of your baby blanket, the colour of your binkie—" Drista's nose scrunches up at the weirdly pronounced word. "Even your clothes. They were always lilac. I thought it was funny."

"... And then?"

"And then," Dream continues, cocking his head to the side. "When you were three or so, you had waddled up to me while I was skateboarding. In your hand was this pretty, lilac flower. Prettiest I'd ever seen. And you just... you offered it to me. And my heart burst."

Drista lets the tears fall against her cheeks, now, watching as her brother's eyes soften and crinkle at the corners with his tender smile. "That's when lilac became my love colour."

Drista returns his smile, sitting up and pulling Dream into a tight hug. He leans in immediately, and lets her squeeze him as tight as she can.

"Why are you so damn sappy all the time," she protests, hitting Dream's back with her fist lightly. Dream shakes his head, grin on his face as he pats Drista's shoulders in retaliation. "Yeah, yeah, okay."

They don't let go of each other.

And for the first time in years, Drista falls asleep in the warmth of her brother's arms.

four: yahoo answers - my brothers whipped help

The last thing Drista expected to see when barging into her brother's room is him admiring his computer screen as if there's anything actually interesting about it. His hands aren't even on the keyboard, one he uses to rest his chin on while the other spins a fidget toy idly.

She then recognizes the stream playing through his headphones. She sees the facecam in the lower corner of the screen, and the way Dream admires the man, eye tracing the curve of George's jaw, the high cheekbones, and Drista almost retches.

Rolling her eyes, she leans on the doorway and crosses her arms. "This is getting a little pathetic, now."

Dream visibly jumps in his chair, hand immediately going to clutch at his chest. He turns to face her with a glare. "Oh my *God!* You fucking scared me, dude, oh my—"

"Hey, it's not my fault you're ass-over-heels in love with George. It's just lame at this point." As if proving her point, George laughs loudly at something that happened in his stream and Dream turned back to his computer to catch the way his smile curved. Drista raises an eyebrow. "Is he the reason you suddenly have a different sleep schedule?"

His silence is telling. Dream sighs reluctantly, going back to catch his finger on the metal of the fidget spinner. "Leave me and my pining strategies alone, okay? He's across the ocean and we're in the middle of a global pandemic. A guy can dream."

She shrugs, tapping at her phone before pocketing it and turning her attention to Dream, who went back to staring at George. "You really do love him, don't you?"

Dream hums. "... Yeah. I do."

"And you're *sure* you're not dating yet?"

"Hehe, um... no." He scratches his neck awkwardly.

"Is it lilac?"

Dream's quiet for a moment, smiling gently. "Yeah. It is."

"So you're telling me it's lilac and you guys are still dancing around each other? Stop being such a pussy and get him already," Drista stresses her words, exasperated, punctuating the last word with a clap.

Dream sighs, shuffling again to turn back to her. "It's not that easy—"

"But it *is*, Clay. You're just afraid."

He goes rigid at the accusing tone. "Why would I be afraid?"

Drista scoffs. "I've known you my entire life, therefore I know that you're not the type to jump the gun. I've seen you miss out on good things *because* you were scared of something going wrong. You act all confident, but we both know it's just a convincing façade." She exhales. "You're my *brother*. I want you to be happy. You've found lilac, and so help me God if you let another opportunity slip through your fingers—I will personally make it my job to pester you until you *die*."

"... You saw how lilac ended up last time." His words are quiet, vulnerable, and Drista doesn't think she's ever seen him this open since his last messy breakup, where he knocked on their mom's door with bloodshot eyes and trembling hands.

"I did," she mumbles before steeling her resolve and keeping her tone firm. "But I helped pick up the pieces, too. I've seen you bounce back from worse. You're the strongest person I know. So, just... why not? Just because the last person you fell in love with wasn't the best person, who's saying George will be the same? Plus, you *know* him. You know he won't hurt you."

"Don't you remember where lilac left me last time?" Dream complains, dropping his head into his hands. "With an empty bed and the realization that my girlfriend used me to pass the time. I thought she wouldn't hurt me either."

"God, dude, just *shut up* already, I know what she did," Drista shoots back, insistent. "I thought you were the one who told me what love was? I know you can't escape the past, and I know it hurts like a bitch, but there comes a point in your life where you have to *let go*. You've known George for so much longer than you did her, isn't that an obvious sign that it'll be different this time?"

"That's not the problem!" He all but shouts, letting his head slip between his hands and thumping his forehead to the desk harshly.

"Then what is it? Help me understand why you're so damn reluctant to try?" Drista runs a hand through her hair, stepping farther into Dream's room and going to sit at the edge of his bed.

"I... I don't even know why I brought her up." Dream admits. "She doesn't matter anymore. What's wrong is that this is *George* we're talking about. I've known him for *so long*, dude, I just... what if I mess it all up?" He raises his head to look to his screen again, where the stream still plays. He sees George smile, and his voice breaks. "What if I lose him?"

"But what if you don't?" Drista whispers. "Give yourself a *chance*, Clay. You can't call it quits before it's even begun." She pauses. "You're setting a horrible example for me."

Dream wheezes slightly at the joke, shaking his head. "Don't become me, whatever you do." He teases, twisting his head to see Drista lounging on his bed.

"Yes, yes, I promise," Drista nods sagely, closing her eyes dramatically. Dream huffs lightheartedly, spinning the fidget toy a few more times when they fall into a comfortable silence.

It takes a second for him to gather the courage to speak up. "Thank you," he mumbles.

"For what?" Drista stage whispers back.

He rolls his eyes at her antics. "For helping, oh Wise One."

She barks out a laugh at the nickname. "You have to do my homework as payment."

"Oh my God."

"What? I need help, I just did you a favour, *you're* older, therefore, you know how to solve quadratic formulas," She says, like it's obvious.

"Math was my worst subject." Dream reminds her.

"Mine, too. Now help me, or I'll tell George what I walked in on you doing today. Oh, and I also take a thousand dollars in cash." It's an obvious bluff, but Dream sighs dramatically anyways and holds out a hand. "Go get it."

Drista jumps off and out of the bed, running out of the room to snatch her backpack from where she dumped it on the couch earlier.

Dream sighs fondly. He really did luck out with the sibling he got.

five: really? in front of my salad?

It's been about two weeks since George moved to America and into Dream's house, and in those two weeks Drista's gotten over twenty calls from Dream about how pretty George is in real life. Honestly, the things she puts up with for her brother.

She's only been over about six times, maybe seven, since George got settled, and she decides that today is a brilliant day to drop by and bother the two.

Drista's limb's sprawl across the couch as a mirror image to the first day she suspected Dream's feelings for George, and she texts her friends while waiting for them to wake up. She wonders if they still have synched sleep schedules, even if they're both in the same time zone. It's not really 'synched' anymore.

Humming a small tune for a few minutes, Drista finally hears the creaking of floorboards under feet and sits up in her spot.

Out from the dark hallway comes George, clad in an oversized, black sweater with a bold smiley

face plastered on the middle. Drista's eyes widen, because *that's Dream's hoodie*, jaw dropping at the man flaunting the stolen piece of clothing. Her shock slowly melts into glee once she realizes that George's still half asleep, which means he doesn't even know he's in a Dream hoodie, much less one from Dream's own closet.

Drista sends a casual wave once he walks into the room fully. "Hey, George."

He immediately tenses at the sudden noise, head whipping around to face Drista on the couch with startled eyes. She snickers as he relaxes, blinking a couple of times.

"Hey... Drista..." George says slowly, as if trying to find what to say. Thankfully for him, Dream decides to walk in at that exact moment and eye Drista with a tired look. She eyes him up and down, and finds that *he's* wearing a slightly small gray GeorgeNotFound hoodie.

God, smite her right where she sits.

"What do you want for breakfast?" He asks as if it's normal to find a fifteen year old girl on his couch, and Drista almost misses the slight blush that colours George's cheeks at the slight rasp in Dream's voice.

Almost.

She shrugs though, leaning back on the armrest. George laughs instinctively at the light exchange, stepping towards the counter and grabbing a mug off the shelf to make himself some coffee.

He busies himself with the machine before Dream leans over his shoulder, watching George's hands work, and he's pressed against George's back as if it's nothing at all. Drista watches them, annoyed, blinking at the definitely-not-platonic display of affection.

Really? Right in front of her salad?

"Make me some too." Dream's morning voice rumbles in George's ear, and Drista can literally *see* the shudder that rips through George's body at the proximity until Dream moves away. She groans internally, burying her face in her hands at the second hand embarrassment.

Look, she may be young, but Dream is a *fucking dumbass*.

Anyone would be an idiot to miss the way they both look at each other. It's sickening, how in love they are and they don't even know it.

The breakfast they have is normal, eaten in a comfortable silence with small comments every now and then. Once they've all finished, Drista leaning back in her chair and George finishing up his coffee, Dream stands up and smooths out his hoodie.

"I'm gonna go edit for a little bit, feel free to do anything," He says, stepping back from the table. Drista hums, signaling that she heard.

"Don't overwork yourself." George's words are soft, and honest to God, Drista contemplates committing homicide.

The next second, Dream's gone, and the remaining two find themselves alone in a slightly awkward silence.

Unfortunately for George, Drista has a question.

"So, you like my brother, right?"

George chokes on the sip he took, coughing a few times while Drista looks at him expectantly.

"Pardon me?" His voice trembles, clearing his throat to soothe it.

"You like him," Drista prompts, putting her phone on the table and leaning forward. Consider George intimidated by a fifteen-year-old girl. Who taught her to be so menacing?

"I—I— Of course I do? He's my friend," George responds meekly, almost unsure.

"You know what I mean, George," Drista presses, and George gulps at the serious look in her young eyes. This was not what he expected to happen in the morning.

Well, the question was bound to be asked sooner or later.

"I'm afraid I don't, sorry, um," George is obviously lying. His face is a burning red, trying to preserve at least a little bit of his dignity.

Drista sighs, an unintentional mimic of Dream that just makes this entire situation worse, "I mean, do you like him as more than just best friends."

It's silent while George weighs his options. Even though the sentence was spoken like a statement, he decides to answer it anyways.

"Yeah. Yeah, I do," he mumbles, fidgeting with his fingers.

Drista smiles softly at George's confession. "I saw the way you guys looked at each other."

"Was I really that obvious?" He questions, eyebrows furrowed.

"Well, to everyone that wasn't Clay, yeah," she says. George laughs quietly, finally looking up to meet Drista's eyes.

"He always has been terribly dense."

"For all the years I've known him," she agrees, sharing a tiny chuckle with George. "So... wait, what are your intentions with my brother?"

George snorts at the sudden change in atmosphere. "To kiss him at least once in my life."

Drista gags, keeling over. "Hold on," she continues to fake retch onto the floor and heaves for breaths dramatically, hand clutching at the edge of the table. "Okay, fuck, Jesus, warn me before you say something rancid about my brother like that again, holy shit."

"Heads up, I'm going to kiss your brother at least once in my lifetime." George rolls his eyes playfully.

"You're on thin fuckin' ice, buddy. I don't get what Dream sees in you." Drista straightens up. "But I guess you're okay. For a British person."

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?"

"Shut up."

plus one: these bitches gay! good for them! good for them!

A clap resounds throughout the kitchen. "Alright boys."

Drista stands at the doorway while Dream and George are poised at their stations, multiple ingredients scattered on countertops and mixer being plugged into the wall socket.

She looks upon her subjects, grinning when Dream rolls his eyes. "Can we go now?"

"Go." Drista finally says, and they all immediately get to work baking their own goods.

It's been a few days since Drista's conversation with George. Somewhere in those few days, *something* must have changed between her brother and him. Drista doesn't miss the glances they send each other sometimes when they think she's not looking, or the way Dream will pull George up to *his* room instead of the guest one at the end of the day. Really, if they weren't obvious before, they're more than obvious now.

The baking goes well, for the first half, each person being competent enough not to completely butcher the measurements. It's going well, they're having fun, until George accidentally puts a flour covered hand on Dream's shoulder.

Dream's reaction is immediate, springing away from the offending touch and glaring. "*George!* You got shit on my shirt, oh my God—"

George is stuck in a fit of giggles as Dream tries to pat away the powder, face scrunched up in mirth and breath coming out in between his laughs.

"Oh *Dream*, " He sing-songs before launching himself towards the blonde, who side steps and runs away, screeching his head off about the 'unsanitary mess they're about to make.'

Drusta watches them in amusement, slapping a hand over her mouth when Dream grabs the nearest weapon he can find and throws it at George. It just so happens to be a fork, and they're stunned to silence, wide grins covering both of their faces. Drusta snorts, and then they're both laughing as the chase continues.

The game of 'try not to get messy' ends with Dream covered in white hand prints while George's hair is mussed with the activity, eyes wild and alive with glee.

They eventually go back to their baking, though, Dream whining and complaining about his soiled shirt. George blows him a raspberry immaturely, and Drusta rolls her eyes. "You guys are children."

George mocks her playfully and gets a face full of rising powder in response.

So, the baking goes well. Mostly.

And while she minds her own business, she really can't help but notice that Dream and George are way too close than need be. She catches the lingering touches on George's lower back as Dream squeezes past him to grab more things from their cupboards (which is *entirely* unnecessary, their kitchen is spacious enough that he could slide by without touching George,) and the way that George seems to lean into the touch before remembering that Drusta's also in the room with them and stopping himself at the last second.

(It doesn't work. She sees it anyways.)

Pushing a stray strand of hair out of her face, she stands up from her crouch and looks at the unbaked cookies in the oven with a proud smile.

Drusta wipes her hands with the rag that was previously on the kitchen counter, glancing back at

Dream and George, who busy themselves with their own baking.

"I'm gonna go to the bathroom quickly. Don't set anything on fire," she says before slipping out of the kitchen to rinse herself.

After the water and soap successfully washes her hands and lower arms, she makes her way back to the kitchen quietly only to find Dream and George in a compromising position. (Well, if they knew she was in the kitchen.)

George is pressed up against the counters with Dream pinning him with a hand on each side of his waist, and George is cupping Dream's cheeks with his flour-covered hands. Dream doesn't seem to care *now* though, rubbing their noses together gently. The older giggles in delight, hands slipping down to wrap around Dream's waist and keeping him locked in place.

Drista can see his eyes glint with something mischievous. "You've fallen into my trap," he states almost proudly, and Dream wheezes like a dying man. Drista almost laughs because *it's really not that funny*, but Dream is quickly losing his breath with how hard his teakettle noises fall out of his throat.

George is giggling right along with him, breathy and constant—and then Dream leans forward to peck George's lips over and over and over again as if he can't get enough of the taste of his lips.

Drista lets a small, genuine smile grace her features at the domestic scene. The couple in the kitchen flirt as if they're the only ones in the house. Warmth spreads in her chest when she realizes that Dream took the chance, and now he has the lilac love right in his arms.

She feels nice today. And, honestly, after everything she put him through, Dream deserves a bit of alone time with his boyfriend.

As to not intrude, Drista lets them be wrapped up in each other's presence. She tiptoes to Dream's room and closes the door quietly behind her. She thinks that she has a pretty good example of what *love* is, now.

It took them long enough.

boom done the end they all lived happily ever after

this is my first time EVER writing drista, i hope i managed to characterize her correctly. i fucking *loved* playing around with a more sibling dynamic as well as keeping the dnf aspect of the fic in it too, this was so cool to write and i really do hope u liked it

as always if u can, pls press the tiny kudos button, its completely free and it rlly helps with me and my motivation

thank u so much for reading!

edit: not much into mcyt anymore so i have annonned this fic and taken out old social links that dont work anymore but holy crap guys almost 3k kudos !!!! thats insane !!!!!! ily guys sm and im so glad yall r still enjoying this silly little self indulgent fic i wrote in 2 nights after months :) have a beautiful day !!!!!

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